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[From the Casket.]

BEARING THE LION.

"Push the bottle," roared a youngster from the bottom of the table, as about a week after we had run the guntlet of the British fleet, we were making merry in our room, and dissipating the monotony of a midshipman's life by the excellence of our grog, the joyousness of youth, and the boisterous tone of our mirth.

"And shore us so ne of th junk, you, Din-forth!" sung out young Irvine.

"It's your turn, I tell, for a song or a story," cried the first speaker to a fine young fellow at my side, who was the senior of all but myself, and had seen more service than any.

"Oh! you know I never sing, ask Irvine, there."

"Not me, I faith; but by the bye, you were on board of the old smasher when she captured the Guerriere, and when I was in Norfolk, the newspapers were crammed with such fabrications about her, that I knew not what to believe—besides Dinforth there, he's not heard of it either—so let's fill a bumper to the dear old frigate, and then boys, another to make up for spilling."

"With all my heart," answered Jack; and the toast was drunk in a whirlwind of huzzas.

"You remember the forebodings," he began, "with which the war was opened; and the almost universal opinion on shore that we could do nothing to withstand a navy, which after annihilating the gigantic fleets of France and Spain, would speedily drive our few cruisers from the ocean, and sweep the Atlantic with a broom at the mast head. But though this opinion prevailed among the people, enervated the nation's legislature, and threw the navy almost upon its own indomitable spirit, it met no countenance in the service, much less from our officers. While the nation desponded, the quarter deck hoped. Not a man but longed for a fair battle to test our prowess, and would have given some hours of his life, to touch our vanishing foe that the sons of those who fought in other times, and the veterans who had camped at Tripoli, were able and willing to hazard all once more for their country. When, therefore, we left Boston amid the forebodings of the people, we bore with us an enthusiasm which nothing could suppress.

"We had been out little more than a fortnight, and though we had made several prizes, and seen a sloop of war to windward, we had as yet been unable to discover a single frigate of the enemy. I well remember the most eventful morning of the cruise. It was a hot sultry forenoon, and the very air seemed to oppress to breathe. The ship was bowling along under easy sail, curling the white foam under her stern, and flinging at intervals the spray over her bows; while now a set bird skimmed along the waves, and now a fish leaped up, glistened in the sunshine, and splashed into the sea amid a shower of drops that shone like diamonds. Every thing on board was trimly hauled, and above, fold after fold of canvas opened to the royals. Around the decks, forward on the fore-castle, or lounging listlessly by the guns were the crew, all impatient of inaction, and eager for some tokens of a foe. The officers too shared in the general uneasiness, walking the quarter deck restlessly, and at intervals sweeping the horizon with their glasses. But their eagerness was in vain. The day wore on, the hour of noon, approached, the sun grew hotter as it mounted to the zenith, our parched crew became restless in the sultry atmosphere, and yet no sign of life was visible over the whole boundless sweep of the horizon.

"I had come on deck, and was standing about the mizzen mast, leaning listlessly against it, and looking out over the endless swell, when suddenly the mizzen at the mast head sang out 'a sail!' and in an instant as if by magic, every man was on his feet.

"This effect was indescribable. The news spread like electric fire through the ship, and the men came tumbling up the hatchways, and crowding to the sides with an eager curiosity that could not be restrained. In an instant the frigate was alive with men; the topmen leaped

to their stations; the skulkers rubbed their eyes; and peered over the horizon to detect the sail. The officer of the deck partook of the excitement. Leaping upon a gun, and hailing the mast head, he thundered forth,

"Whereaway—how bears she!"

"Dead to leeward, bearing east by south and east, sir," was the reply.

"Boatswain!" shouted the lieutenant, not suffering an instant to elapse, "call all hands to make sail after the chase."

"Ay, ay, sir!" sung the officer with equal alacrity, and directly his whistle screamed at the hatchways, his shrill summons, "all hands make sail!—ahoy!" rang through the ship, and in a space of time almost incredible, the old frigate had come round, filled after the stringer, and was dashing gaily along, with a velocity that partook of the impetuosity of her excited crew.

"On the quarter deck the interest was unusually deep. The officers to a man longed for the contest, and burned to maintain the honor of our flag, by proving it equal to the boasted one of Britain. The chase which they had lately experienced from the squadron, made them the more eager to meet one of their antagonists alone; and now as the strunge sail to leeward slowly rose on the horizon, disclosing royals, topgallant masts and top masts, successively to view, they were not without hopes that their ardent wishes were on the point of being gratified.

Crowding together in knots, they discussed the chances of a foe, and by turns, scrutinized the distant sail with their glasses. As yet, however, all was suspense. In vain they hailed the top, or even ascended aloft—nothing could be seen but the long roll of waves against the horizon, the dim faint speck just marked upon the distant sky, and the white foam, from which it was so rarely distinguishable, flashing in the far off sunshine. It was now six bells.

"Mintop!" hailed the Commodore himself, "can you make out the stranger yet?"

"Ay, sir!" answered the man, she just begins to show herself, and seems to be a ship close hauled on the starboard tack, but under easy sail."

"Then, gentlemen, she's an enemy, or she would never run into our jaws."

"Ah! but," suggested the officer of the deck, "she may be a friendly merchantman."

"For the next half hour, so noiseless was the ship you might almost have heard the ticking of a watch. The whole crew were gazing at the distant sail, every thing else in excitement seemed forgotten, and even the necessary orders were executed in silent rapidity. At the end of that interval the suspense was terminated by the announcement that the stranger was a frigate, and undoubtedly a foe. The crew at once gave vent to their feelings in a hearty cheer; while the old frigate, as if catching the enthusiasm, bowed down before a sudden gust of wind, and then dashed with renewed velocity after her antagonist.

"All doubts of the stranger's character were now at an end; and we soon saw that she carried an armament equal if not superior to our own. The red flag of Britain, which had proved victorious over all the world, was flunting from her gaff, and her dark hull, flowing broadside, next bumper, and snowy canvass betokened that discipline which made England the terror of the seas. Besides all this, her crew were confident of success, and had learned to look upon themselves as utterly invincible. To oppose them we had nothing but raw hands with scarcely a month's discipline, and bore a flag which four years before had been lowered in the Chesapeake without firing a shot. Tho' the forebodings of our countrymen were not entertained on board, yet there was enough of distrust in our untried powers to make success a problem. But we had a high, indomitable patriotism, a deep, fervent feeling for the honor of our flag, and a daring courage, almost chivalric amongst our officers, which we relied on to carry us to victory. You may well suppose, therefore, it was with mingled feelings of doubt and determination that we saw the enemy when we had run within a league of him, lay his main top sail back, fire a challenge to windward, and wait for us to approach. But our gallant commodore did not hesitate an instant.

"Let the top gullant sails be furled," he thundered, as he saw the boasting manoeuvre; "stow the light stye sails and the flying jib—merrily, my men, merrily!"

"Ay, ay, sir," shouted the eager crew, as they sprung to their duty.

"For an instant nothing was heard but the trampling feet, and then the ship slowly lost headway and moved more leisurely towards her foe.

"Is all stowed there?" asked the captain.

"Every thing," answered the officer, "and we are nearly bare."

"We were now nearing the enemy, and saw that as he had no intention to escape, we should soon be within reach of his guns. The commodore therefore again took the trumpet, and in his clear, bold voice, shouted forth,

"Take a second reef in the topsails."

"Ay, ay, sir," was the answer.

"Send down the royal yards," and they came by the run to the deck.

"Haul up the courses," again he thundered, and the huge lower sails, rising slowly from the deck, disclosed in full sight the enemy upon our lee bow, with his main top sail still aback, and his long masts pitching against the horizon, as he rose and sank upon the swell.

"Clear for action," roared the commodore, as his eye fell upon the British flag.

"For a few minutes all was confusion. The bulk heads were knocked down, the furniture was stowed away, every thing was put in fighting trim, and then again we relapsed into the usual orderly quiet of a well disciplined man-of-war. The officers reported the state of the ship, and the gallant commodore at once sent out the wished for command to beat to quarters.

"So intense had the excitement by this time grown, and so largely did the crew participate in spirit of their leader, that the drum had scarcely tapped its stirring summons before every man was at his post, and for a few minutes, amid a death-like silence, we moved slowly and steadily in the direction of our foe.

"I have seen many a conflict, and some which others call severe, but I never spent an interval so exciting as that which now ensued. Every man on board of either ship knew that this day's work would ring through every hill and valley of Europe and America—and as he thought how large a space it should fill in the world's history, he nerved his arm to a fiercer struggle for victory. My station near the cabin commanded a view of the whole gundeck, and looked out, also, directly toward the frigate.

He was now within long shot, and his men were already distinguishable as they moved backwards and forward to their duty. But few of his sails were set, and as he rolled steadily upon a heavy swell, his long masts dipped towards the horizon, and his top sail whipped and flapped in the wind. Not a ship was visible on the whole vast boundary of the ocean. Even the heavens above seemed destitute of clouds. The breeze, too, suddenly died away in a mournful sound, and then rising again, sighed sadly through the rigging. A hushed, ominous silence pervaded the vast expanse. It was the silence that precedes the storm; and though men held their breath, it was only in that deep suspense which even the boldest feels upon the eve of battle. As for me, I will not describe my sensations. A thousand various feelings chased each other through my bosom, and though I longed to plunge into the excitement of mortal strife, I could not but feel awed, when I remembered how many hearts that now beat high would soon be stilled in death, and how many eyes that flashed defiance would, at sunset, be quenched for ever.

"Huzza! there go his ensigns," shouted the captain of a gun beside me—Marblehead man, who had fought at Tripoli, and whose ringing had made him celebrated wherever he had served—he's opening his fire, too, by—!" and as he spoke a shot was heard crashing among our spars overhead.

"Gentlemen," said the commanding officer to his deputies, in charge of the various divisions, "there is to be no firing until the order is given for a general discharge. Stand to your guns, my men," he shouted, in a louder tone, as a broadside came tearing across us, scattering its messengers of death along the deck, and lying a poor fellow bleeding at the lieutenant's feet, "stand to your guns, and remember your country, but no firing—no firing!"

"The aim of the commodore was to reserve his batteries until close upon his foe. Yet it was a gallant order for an impatient crew. We were now under the guns of a confident enemy, his fire was beginning to tell fearfully upon us—our brave tars were being shot down unresisting at their posts, and yet nothing betokened our readiness to engage, except the alacrity with which we wore to prevent being raked, and the occasional discharge of a gun, as it happened to bear upon the foe. I have often wondered how our enthusiastic seamen bore it as they did. They squinted through the ports, patted their favorite pieces impatiently, or bawly muttered a sailor's oath at their orders; but not a man attempted to disobey the quarter deck. Meantime the broadsides of the foe poured in upon us, thinning our guns, ripping our timbers, cutting away our hamper, straining our decks with the wounded, and yet no order came to return the fire. But

as some poor fellow was carried bleeding from his gun, you could see, by the flashing eye and compressed lip of his comrades, that their gallant restraint was only stinging them on to a more terrible retribution. We were already waiting breathlessly to engage, when the enemy yawned, bore up, and ran off with the wind upon his quarter.

"So unusual a manoeuvre, when we had scarcely fired a shot, led us at first to suppose it was intended for a stratagem to lure us alongside, and that they had attributed our silence to fear. If so, they were bitterly mistaken.

"Yard arm and yard arm!" thundered our captain, in quick succession, hastening to avail himself of the bravado, 'away, there, and set top-gallant-sail and fore-sail—stand to your guns, my men—quarter master, lay her alongside!"

"Ay, ay, sir," growled the old sea-lion, as he squinted at the enemy, and whirled around his wheel.

"The foe was now drawing on ahead under easy canvass, and as soon as our additional sails had been set, we dashed down upon him with the velocity of the wind. But that ten minutes of suspense seemed drawn out into an age. A death-like silence pervaded the ship. The firing had ceased on both sides, and the smoke curling away from the prospect, discovered our enemy ahead making ready for a desperate fight. The crisis was at hand—Along the whole vast deck before me, with its hundreds of eager hearts, nothing could be heard but the deep breathing of the men, and the occasional creaking of a gun. All else was as silent as the tomb. We were now up to the enemy's stern—in an instant our bows doubled on his quarter—we could with ease have thrown a biscuit on his deck, and just as our forward guns began to bark, the commodore thundered forth 'Fire!' and before the word had died upon the air, the whole side of our ship was like a sheet of lightning, a roar burst forth that made her shiver to the trucks, and drawing slowly ahead along the frigate's side, we poured in an unrelenting fire from stem to stern, that grew more terrible as we advanced, almost deafening our ears, and wrapping every thing around in clouds of thick, white, sulphurous smoke. For ten minutes there was no cessation. Gun followed gun in quick succession, each piece loading and firing with the silence of death, and the rapidity of magic; while the roar of the cannon, the blaze of the fire, the crashing of timbers, the groans of the wounded, and the quick, sharp, shriek of death, added to the terrible confusion of the scene. Not a word was spoken except when necessary. Each man worked as if victory depended on himself, and with a rigid resolution on his face that foretold a bloody conflict.

"Huzza!—there goes the mizen mast of the varmint," shouted the captain of the gun beside me, wiping his begrimed face with his hand, as the smoke blew suddenly away, and discovered the mast tumbling headlong over the quarter of the foe.

"Pour it in, now," shouted the lieutenant, "and he'll soon be at our mercy."

"They jerked out their guns like playthings, sent another broadside crashing into his hull, and were already cheering for their victory, when suddenly we found that we had surged ahead, and our enemy was lying behind our guns. Luffing short across his bows, to pass down his other side, we unhappily shot into the wind, got stern way, and were instantly foul of our foe, his forward guns jutting against our quarter, and exploding not ten feet from us. The tide of battle was turned.

"Huzza! shouted the enemy's crew, perceiving their advantage, and working their guns with murderous rapidity, 'blow the cursed yinkees out of water—huzza for Old England—huzza!"

"Run her out, boys!" roared the undaunted captain of the gun beside me endeavoring to bring his piece to bear, "give it to 'em muzzle for muzzle—huzza for old Marblehead!"

"Shoot the infernal Yankee down," shouted the English seamen, and at the instant, their whole forward armament exploded at once, tearing up our sides, dismounting our pieces, mowing our gallant fellows down like grass, and filling the whole cabin with fire and smoke. One poor fellow beside me clutched his ramrod, reeled, and with a faint cry fell back dead; while Cadlin, the brave old captain of the gun, though one of his legs was shattered with a chain-shot, grasped the lock of his gun, leaned for support against the side, and true to his ship till the last, fired his piece, waved his hand on high, uttered a tremendous huzza, and fell down upon the deck. I ran to him, and lifted him partly up.

"It's all over with me, master Jack," said he, "they're shot away my lower timbers,"—and as I offered to have him taken below, he added, "it's

no use—my leg's up—no doctor can help me." "Oh! yes, Cadlin," said I, "cheer up, my old brave, you'll fight many a battle yet, and win them too."

"It's no use—no use, shipmates," he gasped, as one or two of his crew added their entreaties to mine, "but—Jack—I've an—old mother—in Marblehead—you'll—prize money," and unable to proceed, the gallant old fellow pressed my hand, and looked up with his glassy eyes so despairingly, lest I should not have understood him. I was affected almost to tears. But I could only press his hand, and assure him his wishes should be attended to.

"What's that?" said he, faintly, after a moment's pause, opening his half-closed eyes, as a shock ran through the ship, making her quiver in every timber. She had rubbed against her foe.

"They've boarded her," shouted a seaman, dashing down the hatchway, and running aft, "the enemy has struck," and at the same instant a roar of cheers was heard above us, rising over all the din of battle.

"Struck!" said the dying man, his glassy eyes gleaming with a momentary fire, as he half raised himself upon one arm, "struck—I know'd—we'd conquer—huzza for old Marblehead—huzz-a-a-a,"—and with a quick jerk he fell lifeless upon the deck.

"But it was no time to mourn the dead. Instead of having overcome the foe, as the excited foremast-man had conjectured, our attempt to board, which had called forth such continuous huzzas, had been frustrated by the violence of the swell, and we were still at the mercy of our enemy, who was pouring in from his forward guns a terrible fire. It had been but a moment that I had knelt by the dying tar, yet in that time half the men around me had been driven from their guns, and as I started to my feet, the deck beneath me was slippery with blood, while the thick smoke from the cabin puffed into my face and I became aware of the dreadful fact that the frigate was on fire. I had scarcely time to advance a step, before lieutenant Hammond dashed out of the smoke, black, grimed and almost choked with shouting.

"Firemen away—quick there and tow me, and in an instant, with a bucket he again disappeared in the smoke.

"All was now confusion. The boldest quailed and some ran wildly from their guns. A landsman beside me, horror-struck with affright, started from his station exclaiming,

"The magazine—the magazine!"

"Stand back," I shouted, as he rushed past me, "stand back in God's name, and as he paused irresolutely, I added, drawing a pistol from my belt, I'll shoot any man that leaves his gun—back to your station, back," and he slunk to it. "More water," shouted Hoffman, reappearing for an instant.

"Ay, ay—pass it on."

"I know not how far the panic might have spread with a less enthusiastic crew. The danger was indeed imminent, as the timbers were dry, and the flames increased with fearful rapidity. The cabin was already full of smoke, hot sulphurous, and suffocating. It was with the greatest difficulty that the firemen maintained their stations, for the enemy still kept up his slaughtering fire, and added to the intensity of the conflagration by the closeness of his explosions. Yet though the flames still spread, threatening, if not speedily suppressed to blow us up, scarce a man, flinched from his gun. They only worked with the rapidity of despair. The firemen too felt that all hung on their efforts, and despite their dangerously exposed situation acted with the greatest coolness. Their gigantic exertions were at last crowned with success, and the joyful intelligence was spread thro' the ship that the fire was not only extinguished, but that the most dangerous piece of the enemy had been disabled. Almost at the same instant, the vessels ceased rubbing; our sails filed, we shot once more ahead, and then repassed down the enemy's side.

"Hurrah the day's ours," shouted the men, 'pour it into 'em—conquer or sink—hurrah for old Ironsides, hurrah!"

"If our first cannonade had been unremitting this was terrific. Our crew, stimulated by their late disaster, were fired with the wildest enthusiasm. From man to man and gun to gun the excitement ran, and while each cheered the other on, a roar burst from our sides, that made the frigate reel till her yard arms almost touched the water. The whole side was wrapped in fire, and our cannon belched forth ruin like a volcano. It was a terrific scene. The thick smoke at intervals hid every thing from the sight; but amid the roar of the guns, the crack of timbers, and

The shouts of our crew, we could tell by the wild, and awful screams of the foe, how the work of death was going on. Oh! bitterly were they suffering for their premature boasts. Ever and anon, however, the flames burst through the smoky canopy, flinging their ruddy glare on the torn hamper and shattered hull of our foe, and lighting up the blood red waters beneath, covered as they were with fragments of the dying and the dead. When at last we rolled ahead upon a wave, and a gust partially swept aside the murky veil, we beheld our late gay antagonist, wallowing in the trough a helpless wreck, her guns deserted, her masts shot away, and her hull riddled like a target. One moment our crew paused, gazed silently upon it, and then, as one man, they burst into a shout which rivalled their own fire. The vaunted infidelity of the red cross had been tested, and the stars of the despised republic had proved victorious. We felt that it would ring through Europe and America, and form an epoch in the history of the world. It was no unmanly exultation over a fallen foe, but the deep fervent gush of patriotic feeling. Officers and all joined in it. The commodore alone was silent. But when his lieutenants went up to congratulate him his emotions would not suffer him to speak. It was an instant of wild excitement and unmitigated joy. If I live till eternity I shall never forget it.

"We soon hauled aboard our tacks, ran off a few cable's lengths, secured our masts, new rove our rigging, and after an hour's labor were round, taking up a raking position, to force the enemy to haul down their flag, which he still kept doggedly flying from the stump of the mizzen mast. No sooner was our intention perceived than the red flag of Britain sunk humbled to the deck. Before five minutes we trod the deck of the Guerriere.

"Well, you know we staid by her that night, but finding her too much riddled to carry her into port, we set fire to her the next day, and in fifteen minutes she blew up. With our prisoners on board, we made sail for Boston. Do you believe it, we were hardly credited when we first told of our conquest. Men stared in wonder, that an American frigate, which a few months before had been called an old worn out hulk, should actually fight and overpower one of the finest ships in the navy of his Britannic Majesty; and when the fact was no longer doubtful, the whole nation ran into the extreme, became frantic with exultation, and almost worshipped us as something little short of gods. Expresses darted from town to town, telegraphs shot the intelligence from post to post, and from one end of the nation to the other, the people acted as if they were mad. The news of the capture of the Guerriere did not produce greater rejoicings in England, than did the intelligence of the capture of the Guerriere give rise to in America. We were feted, congratulated and thanked, from Congress down to the corporation of every country town; and I actually met a man on the White Mountains, who asked me, if in our next cruise, we were not going to enter Portsmouth with nothing but an old Ironsides, and burn the whole British fleet at anchor. And now, lads, here's to my old commodore—Captain Hull—whom Heaven bless! and may each of us win as proud a name as his!"

THE CONTRAST. B. was an active merchant distinguished alike for accurate knowledge of his profession and his strict integrity. The best appointed ships, however, are sometimes wrecked, and plans laid ever so wisely, in seasons of panic and disaster often miscarry. B. failed, grew sick from too close attention to the counting room, and died. His wife was left destitute, and of course friendless, and she had four young children to support. How could she do it! B. had been familiar with a distinguished merchant down town, Mr. A. T. [Arthur Tappan!] who sometimes presided at meetings in the Tabernacle; and to him the young widow who was an exemplary member of the church as himself, applied for some \$500 worth of goods for six months. She had caused the lower part of the house to be fitted up for their reception, and determined to turn her knowledge of trade to some account in supplying them with a particular kind of merchandise. The merchant gave her no answer at the time; he told her he would consider it, and he put her off a dozen times, and then told her he would not grant her request. There was an actor at Delmonico's a few mornings after, and he overheard a relation of the above circumstances, in conversation between two gentlemen with whom he was acquainted. "How is she now?" asked the actor. "In despair."

"Cannot obtain the money?"

"Nor the credit."

"Well, relying on the correctness of your representation, I offer a proposition. If you will each lend her \$250, I will lend her twice that sum."

They had no money which was not invested. "Well then, here is a check for \$1,000—go and get the money, carry it to her, and take the note for it payable to yourself or bearer, in one year. Bring the note to me and mind that you say nothing of the source from whence the funds came."

His directions were obeyed. When the note fell due it was paid with interest; and the widow is now doing a fair business on her own account. The actor was Edwin Forrest.

Subscribers will confer a favor by not lending their papers. Borrowers are always turning up their noses at something it contains.

Newburyport Herald.

[From the correspondence of Eastern Argus.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 25, '39.
Messrs. Editors:—Talk to me no more of the frigidity and discomforts of Maine climate—of a winter at the North. It is only one short week since I left Portland, with its clear blue sky and warm sun, and here I am in the midst of a Siberian snow storm! I do not believe the weather at Kamskatka is more inclement at this moment, than it is here. In New Jersey and Maryland the frost had been so severe that all the streams were frozen over, and many young urchins were skating upon the ice. The great Susquehanna was entirely frozen over, and several vessels, within thirty miles of Baltimore, were fast locked by the ice. Give me the old fashioned winters of New England, in preference to the raw and piercing blast of the District of Columbia. If the weather at the North West Angle of Nova Scotia were half as disagreeable as I have found it here, I would not contend a moment for the disputed territory, but would give it to any body who would receive it, with a hearty "good riddance."

The Members of Congress begin to assemble in considerable numbers. About one hundred have already arrived—most of them Federalists. They are preparing to play a bold game, and make up in bravado and impudence, what they lack in strength. Brag, you know, is the favorite game of Mr. CLAY, and his followers, knowing their present state desperate, are determined to play deep. Indeed, such appears to be the plan of operations of the Federalists, throughout the country. Travelling to New Bedford a few days since, I happened to be in the same car with Mr. D. K. GREENE, (late Representative from that town) and several other gentlemen of the opposition, who reside there. You may remember, that, at the late election but five out of the nine members of the Legislature from New Bedford, were elected, one of them being a democrat. The vote was very close, some of the federal candidates succeeding by one majority only. This Mr. Greene, a man of humble origin, who has made himself rich by his good luck in the whaling business, was highly indignant, that the poorer class of people were allowed to vote at all, averring that property should be the test of a man's right to vote. He said he had made up his mind, for one, never to employ any man who would not vote as he wished him to. Another gentleman present, concurring with Mr. Greene in this sentiment, remarked that such a Resolution had been passed, or such an agreement had been entered into, by the federal merchants of New Bedford, at a caucus, a few evenings before the election. I was informed that the federalists of that town had meetings every evening of last week, determined to carry the election of the remaining four Representatives on the 25th. One of the Aristocracy, (a class of men in which New Bedford abounds) went to an honest mechanic a few days ago, to get a pair of boots made. While the shoe-maker was taking his measure, the merchant observed to him, that he could not expect his patronage, unless he (the shoemaker) voted according to the views of his employer. Crispin stopped short in his work—and indignantly putting up his measuring stick, replied "it is a poor rule, sir, which will not work both ways. If you do not vote the ticket which I prefer, I cannot work for you. My labor is as necessary for you, as your money for me. I don't think I could fit your foot!"

There is a piece of instruction to be derived from the result of the late election in several States. That old adage, honesty is the best policy, has proved as true in politics as it is in morals. The success of the Democratic party, which, in our estimation is the party holding what is nearest to the truth, has been in proportion to its fidelity to its principles. Wherever it has thrown itself upon its naked doctrines, without sophistication or concealment, it has acquired strength, and that not of a transient sort, but of the most substantial and enduring kind.—N. Y. Eve. Post.

RESIGNATION.—The Tennessee Legislature have instructed Messrs. WHITE and FOSTER, (United States Senators,) to support the leading measures of the Administration. This it seems they do not feel free to do—and Mr. Foster has already resigned his seat, and Mr. White has signified his intention to follow the example.—Their places will be filled doubtless at this session of the legislature, by Administration men.

Eastern Argus.

MARKING LINEN WITHOUT INK.—A celebrated German chemist, Mr. Hoehnle has invented a new plan for marking linen without ink. This was effected by simply covering the linen, with a fine coating of pounded white sugar. The stamp of iron, very much heated, is impressed on this material. Two seconds suffice for the operation. The linen remains slightly scorched, but the mark is indelible.

It is marvellous, says an English writer, how in all countries, to put down the trampery government of the few, and establish the operation of that of the many, is the one thing needful to raising men in the scale of being, and giving him his portion of the good which nature intended for his use.

HON. JOHN FORSYTH.

This gentleman has recently visited his Plantation in Georgia—and while passing through the State, the Democratic members of the Legislature, and other members of the party, embraced the opportunity to tender him a Public Dinner, which, much to their disappointment, he declined. The editor of the Georgian says:—

"I regret myself that he felt obliged to do so, as I was very anxious to hear a display of that eloquence which has gained him so distinguished a reputation as one of the ablest and readiest speakers that ever rose upon either floor of Congress."

The following is a copy of the Letter extending the invitation:

Milledgeville, Nov. 10th, 1839.

SIR:—The Union and Democratic members of the Legislature, and the citizens of the same party from various sections of our State now at this place, having heard of your arrival here, and being desirous of showing in the most public manner, the high estimation in which you are held by them, as one of Georgia's favorites, and as the able, consistent and untiring advocate of Democratic principles, have appointed the undersigned, a committee, in their behalf, to tender to you a public dinner, at such time as may suit your convenience.

We execute the duty assigned us with the most lively satisfaction and sincerely hope that your engagements will permit you to gratify the wishes which we entertain, individually and as a party, of offering a public testimonial to your worth in your private and public capacity.

(Signed by the Committee.)

To which they received the following reply:

MILLEDGEVILLE, Nov. 11, 1839.

GENTLEMEN: I have had the honor to receive your flattering communication of the 19th inst. inviting me to a public dinner in the name of the Union and Democratic members of the Legislature, and of the citizens of the same party now at Milledgeville. Indispensable engagements of private business call me to the borders of the State immediately; the affairs of my plantation are to be looked to and arranged before I return to Washington, to which place I am under obligations to repair by the 25th of this month. Under these circumstances I must rely upon the personal kindness which prompted it, to excuse me for most respectfully declining your invitation.

A manifestation of public esteem from members of the Legislature and other citizens of Georgia, would at all times be grateful to me, but is particularly so at a moment when the State has been redeemed from the strangely false position in which it had been placed by the errors of our political opponents.

With the warmest acknowledgements for the more than kind terms in which your communication is conveyed, I am, gentlemen, with every sentiment of regard for yourselves and those you represent, your friend and fellow citizen.

JOHN FORSYTH.

VIRGINIA.

WHO SHALL BE GOVERNOR? This question is asked with much earnestness, among the Democrats of the Old Dominion. The response in many cases, is, THOMAS RITCHIE, that veteran in the Democratic cause, who his so long and worthily stood at the helm of the Richmond Enquirer. He is an able man—and, if the Democrats out of that State, could have any thing to say about it, we should respond to the question, as does the writer of the following paragraph from the Globe:—under the signature of "North Western Virginia."

The Governor of Virginia; who will he be? This cannot be answered; but to the question who he ought to be? The united voice of Democratic North western Virginia responds, THOMAS RITCHIE. A life laboriously devoted to the service of his country, and the dignity and welfare of old Virginia, well deserves the crowning honor. A man who has exalted the character of the public press; so ably sustained those great principles which have identified him with a triumphant Democracy, and places him heaven-wide, politically, from (I think above) our conservative and federal opponents; deserves much. He may not get all he deserves, but he will have the unanimous good wishes for his present success and prosperity, and the lasting remembrances for his zeal and patriotism exhibited in his public life, of his firm friends and political allies of,

NORTHWESTERN VIRGINIA.

"THAT'S MY THUNDER."—The most ingenious mode of "saving powder," that we remember to have heard of, was successfully tried at New York on Thursday. The Whigs mustered the funds for a salute—in Brooklyn—of one hundred guns, in glorification of their victory in New York. Their intention was kept quite secret, as they thought, but the Locofocos having got a hint of what was going on, announced, just as the performance was to come off, that a Grand Salute would be fired "from the heights of Brooklyn, at sunset in honor of the glorious triumph of Democracy in Massachusetts." It took admirably. Every Democrat turned out to catch the sounds of triumph, and whilst the wags, in secret, were quietly enjoying the fun, the Whigs were "blazing away like thunder."—Transcript.

Michigan.—The federal candidate for Governor has been elected by a small majority. The democratic majority in the state last year was 257.

We believe the Legislature will be democratic—the Senate, certainly, we think.—Globe.

From the Eastern Argus.

FEDERAL MISREPRESENTATIONS.

Don Quixote fought wind-mills, mistaking them for Giants. Are there not many Don Quixotes now-a-days in politics? We have asked ourselves this question, after thinking, for a moment, of the thousand misrepresentations which are daily put forth concerning the character and objects of the Democratic party. If the opponents of that party would only deal justly by it—if they would state fairly its principles and measures; without extenuation or malice, and allow the people to judge of it by its naked and undisguised merits, the number, we imagine, would be very small of those who would be found contending against it—the federalists would be, if possible, in a more hopeless minority than they now are. But this, alas, is not done. The picture which the opposition keep before the popular vision, is any thing but a fair portraiture of Democracy. It is rather its odious contrast, and shows, more than any thing else, the mischievous imaginations of those who draw it. No wonder that its gloomy lineaments strike the beholder with horror! No wonder that some good, honest people, seduced into the belief of its identity with Republicanism, make uncompromising war upon the Administration, and think that, in so acting, they do God service.

Some of the more common misrepresentations which the opposition make of the Democracy, we propose in another article to point out. We are fully confident that the measures of the administration need only be understood, to be almost universally popular, and we are equally confident that they are, in many instances, lamentably misunderstood. They are misinterpreted, because they are misrepresented by interested partisans, who can, in no other way, accomplish their selfish purposes. Our opponents, not content with doing nothing themselves, seem determined that the friends of the administration shall accomplish no more than they. They, therefore, direct their whole energies towards perverting and misrepresenting their intentions. And with such zeal and perseverance do they labor, that many are led honestly to believe that the party in power is the concentration of all the wicked elements on earth, and hence oppose it with all their might and strength. A little examination of some of the charges thus brought against it may be of service, to convince such men of their error.

A SHORT SERMON.

How to make Money.—Do you complain that you have nothing to begin with? Tom, you say, has a farm, Harry has a thousand dollars, but I have nothing. I say to you look at your hands, and tell me what they are worth. Would you take one thousand dollars for them, or for the use of them, throughout your life? If you can make a half a dollar a day by them would it be a bad bargain, for that sum is the interest of more than two thousand dollars; so that if you are industrious and Harry is lazy, you are twice as rich as he is, and when you can do a man's work, and make two dollars a day, you are four times as rich, and are fairly worth four thousand dollars. Money and land therefore are not the only capital with which young men begin in the world. If he has good health and is industrious, even the poorest boy in our country has something to trade upon, and if he is besides well educated, and has skill in any kind of work, and add to this, moral habits and principles so that his employers may trust him and place confidence in him, he may then be said to set out in life, with a handsome capital, and certainly has a good chance of becoming independent and respectable, and perhaps rich as any man in the country. Every man is a maker of his own fortune. All depends upon the right principles, and these are these.

1. Be Industrious: Time and skill are your capital.
2. Be Saving: Whatever it be, live within your income.
3. Be Prudent: Buy not what you can do without.
4. Be Economical: Let your economy be always of to-day not of to-morrow.
5. Be Contented and Thankful: A cheerful spirit makes labor light and sleep sweet, and all around happy, all of which is much better than being rich.

QUINCY, (ILLINOIS), Nov. 15th.—More Indian Murders!—Last Wednesday night, about ten o'clock, Mr. Oliver jr. was killed by a party of Indians, at the residence of his father, near the Ocklocknee river, about four miles below the main road leading from Quincy to Tallahassee. Half a dozen rifles were simultaneously fired at him, four of which took effect in the body. He rushed across the room fell in his mother's arms, exclaiming, "Mother I am killed," and died instantly. The doors were closed by the family, and a young man living in the house fired twice, in one instance mortally wounding an Indian. The Indians, fearing to approach the house set fire to an out building and fled. The wounded Indian was taken off on horseback, and could be tracked some distance by the blood. The Indians were seen (about 12 or 14 in number) near sunset on the afternoon of the murder, and were all mounted. A party have started in pursuit of them, and we hope they may be successful in finding the miscreants.

A good reason.—A man being called on for subscription to evening lectures, at a church, declined paying—cause why—wife gave him evening lectures at home, every night—gratuitously.

OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

PARIS, DECEMBER 21, 1839.

ELECTIONS.

MISSISSIPPI.—The Louisiana of the 18th, says that Messrs. Brown and Thompson, the Democratic candidates recently elected to Congress from the State of Mississippi, having obtained their certificates of election, proceeded to Washington on the 22d ult. They will probably be there at the opening of the session. Democratic majority in the State, 5000; on joint ballot in the Legislature, from 15 to 20.

SOUTH CAROLINA.—Thomas D. Simpson has been elected to Congress, in place of Hon. J. P. Richardson, resigned. Mr. S., like his predecessor, is an Administration man.

MASSACHUSETTS.—The election of Judge Morton by the people, is generally conceded by the opposition papers. The scattering votes, it is thought, would not exceed 300.

Returns from all the towns in the State, show the following result:

Morton,	51,119
Everett,	50,548
Morton's plurality,	571
Everett's vote last year was	51,642
Morton's vote last year was	41,795
Everett's plurality last year,	9,847
Morton's increase over last year,	9,220
Everett's decrease,	1,091
Morton's net gain,	10,415

The Senate, as elected, will stand 16 Democrats and 16 Federalists; 8 vacancies.

The political complexion of the House depends upon the result of the election, to fill the vacancies, which took place the 24th ult. Whichever party obtains the House, will have the Council, the majority in the Senate, the vacancies in which are filled by joint ballot, and the control of the government of the State.

FEDERAL CORRUPTION.—The following extract of a letter, published in the Boston Post, dated Free-town, Nov. 4, 1839, shows the foul system of coercion to which the Federalists resorted at the recent election in Massachusetts, to accomplish their ends. In fact, it is one of the means of political warfare with the Federalists of New England; it is not exhibited in Massachusetts alone. But to the extract:

"To the eternal disgrace of the owners of one of our largest manufacturing establishments, the SCREWS were put on, and every laborer compelled to deposit his vote immediately, in presence of, and directly under the eye of TWO of the owners. One owner, I am informed, was admitted to a seat within three feet of the presiding officers, where he remained throughout the whole day, taking down the names of every man in his employ, who had the independence to vote the Democratic ticket."

The ground was distinctly taken, that it was the duty of the laborer to vote the principles of his employer, and it was equally the duty of the employer to demand of the laborer his vote."

Here is one of the means to which Federalism has ever resorted to sustain itself—Coercion. The laboring man is threatened with the loss of his daily bread if he votes contrary to the wishes of his employer. Here, at the north, where we hold up our laws with tantalizing boastfulness, and declare there is no taint of slavery upon them! and fulminate anathemas against the peculiar institutions of the South. The laborer of the North is told that he is a freeman—that he has a right to vote—that it is his duty to do so; but in the same breath, he is told either in words, or by intimations as emphatic, that he must vote so and so, as his employer may dictate, or starve! Call you this Freedom? Call you that man a Freeman? So is the autocrat, which jugglers set in motion by means of wires. Give us the stupid indifference of the bond slave of the South, whom his master is bound to feed and clothe, but do not taunt us with the fact that we are nominally free, while we are prohibited from exercising privileges which belong to Freeman, for fear of losing the means whereby we exist.

The Sub-Treasury bill creates only four new officers, and will cost at the beginning \$18,500 per annum. Not one dollar of the public funds under this system, can be touched or used in any manner whatever, except by appropriations from Congress. Not a dollar has been lost at the mint, which is on a similar plan. The loss of the Government before Gen. Jackson came into office was about \$18,000,000, by depreciated bank paper, defaulters, &c.; and the deposits Banks, some hundred or two, failed with about \$30,000,000 in their hands. Which, then, is least worthy the confidence of the people?

MONOPOLIES.—It is high time that the evils and inequalities of the banking system, as it has grown up step by step, almost imperceptibly, in the United States, should be thoroughly sifted and understood by the people; and we rejoice in anticipation that, at no distant period, the exclusive privileges conferred on banking institutions must undergo a thorough reform. An individual who has more money than he wants, has a natural right to lend it to his neighbor for such interest as the law prescribes. This right belongs to all, and it is the interest and duty of all to secure it to each individual. Now look at the difference—a combination of men, called the Bank of the United States, or any other Bank, have more money than they want; they are not restricted, as the individual is, to the amount they have on hand belonging to them, but they are authorized to double and triple that amount, and receive interest on the whole, and besides, the restrictions of conscience, which operates powerfully on individuals to keep them within the bounds of law, when diffused among a board of Bank Directors, is scarcely felt, and even the extensive privileges which the law allows, form but a feeble barrier to their more extended operations. Shall we be told that every person has the opportunity given him to become the owner of Bank stock, and thus share the profits of the monopoly? Suppose it to be true, which is not so.

ways the case, the man who lives according to the decree of his Maker,—"by the sweat of his brow,"—has not the means of purchasing Bank stock,—or perhaps he has a conscience which will not permit him to be interested in those soulless institutions. At all events, a very great majority of the voters, and a much greater of the people generally, have no direct interest in Banks; and it is very certain that the exclusive privileges granted to them, operate in favor of one class of the community, to the injury of a much larger class, who sustain their full proportion of the public burdens. We may be too much prejudiced against Banks, but we do verily believe that the present high price of every article of living, and the derangement of the monetary affairs of the country, is the result, in a great degree, of Bank accommodations to unprincipled speculators, whose leading object is to enrich themselves, regardless of the misery and distress they may bring upon others. We trust that that portion of the community, heretofore impressed with a belief of the necessity of a great "National Regulator" of the currency, now proved to be a prolific source of disorder and distress to the whole country, will at length co-operate with the people, in those measures of Bank reform, which render regulation unnecessary.

What a clever world this would be, and what a vast deal of trouble and vexation would be avoided, if every man was as anxious to pay others as he is to have others pay him! We presume that our subscribers would not owe a cent. A man will go a mile through mud and snow, three times a week, to collect ten dollars, and yet stay away from the shop or house of his neighbor, whom he owes, for weeks, although the money lies idle in his pocket. And there are many such, who profess devoutly to be Christians and to love the Golden Rule, "Do unto others as you would that others should do unto you." We believe that a majority of mankind wear out their bodies and minds more in worrying and perplexing themselves how they can procure money and avoid paying it, than they do by hard labor or any other means whatever. We wish all who owe us would comprehend it, how swimmingly we should go ahead,—more encouragement—better cheer—better paper—and better subscribers.

The Congress of Texas have passed a law, granting 2,000 acres of good land to every woman, who will marry during the present year, a citizen of that Republic, who was so at the time of the declaration of their independence.

The Federal "Union and Harmony" Convention is to meet at Harrisburg, to-morrow, for the purpose of nominating the most available candidates to be run down at the next Presidential election.

"My stomach is full," as the Thanksgiving glutton said, after swallowing a couple of chickens.

From the Washington Globe. EXPORTATION OF SPECIE.

The Philadelphia papers, organs of the Bank of the United States, contain an article of two columns on the causes of the present suspension. Among other causes for this event, he cites the exportation of specie as follows:

"The various disturbing causes above adverted to, have been operating upon the country, and gradually gaining intensity, for the last three or four months. Immense amounts of the precious metals have already been exported within that period; it is believed that the port of New York alone has seen the departure of probably not less than ten millions of dollars, the fruits chiefly of her collections for the sales of foreign goods, here and elsewhere. Every packet for Havre has carried large quantities of our silver, to increase the cumbersome amount of useless millions piled up in the Bank of France; the packets of England, depriving every five days, all take their quota; and the great steamers, each with her millions, vie with each other in accelerating their speed, to replenish with our means, ere it be too late, the exhausted vaults of the Bank of England, an institution which, notwithstanding its vast resources, backed by the credit of the Government, has had to seek temporary support to prevent or postpone her failure, from her great rival across the channel.

"This export, enormous as it has been, we regard as but the beginning. Already has the demand become so great, either for export or to replace in the banks that which has been taken from them for export, that we see the specie leaving the remotest parts of the Union; by the waters of the Mississippi and various routes, in vast sums, which no sooner reach our seaports than it is placed on shipboard and transported to a foreign land."

By this article, the enormous exportation of specie which has taken place, is set down to the account of New York, and is stated to be the fruits chiefly of her collections of the sales of foreign goods here and elsewhere. The city of New York and the sale of foreign goods, is made the cause of this exportation. How erroneous, not to say perfidious, is this assertion! Even before the Great Western and other packets brought home the news from London that all this specie was shipped to pay its bonds, post notes and bills of exchange in Europe, even before this news was brought back from London, it was perfectly well known here that the Bank of the United States was at the bottom of this exportation, and that her great object all summer was to evacuate the New York banks, and to force them to suspend first, in order to give her the pretext for doing so. This diabolical work pushed to the point of selling bills of exchange on Europe, and their raising specie at a loss of 10, 12 and 24 per cent, to send after them to take them up! The like of this was probably never done before; it is a new crime in the chapter of wickedness, for the example of which Europe is indebted to the mis-called Bank of the

United States. Thus the Bank of the United States exports the specie herself for her own purposes, all of them unconnected with commerce, and then falsely charges it on New York and foreign goods! To cover her conduct the better, the Bank sent her specie from Philadelphia, much of it in the names of her retainers, to New York, to be shipped from thence; but the detailed weekly reports of the office show that the specie came from Philadelphia, and was sent by the Bank of the United States. Thus our country is robbed to supply England, and the holders of the Bank of the United States notes here, even of the five and ten dollar notes, are denied shillings, in order that millions may be paid to the great capitalists of Europe!

The article goes on to complain of the amount of specie which goes out by every packet and by every steamer "to replenish with our means, ere it be too late, the exhausted vaults of the Bank of England." Here the Bank sympathizes with the people of the United States for the loss of their specie. How hypocritically! how false! how insulting to us! It is the crocodile shedding tears over the prey which it devours! It is the Bank that is loading these steamers and packets for London and Havre! It is the Bank that is adding the "useless millions which are piled up in Bank of France," and "replenishing with our means, ere it be too late, the exhausted vaults of the Bank of England," and while doing this, it denies the amount of a five or ten dollar note to the laboring man of our own country!

The article says that specie is coming from the remote ends of the Union—by the Mississippi and all other routes, to the Atlantic ports, to be shipped to Europe. This is true; but who does it? It is the agents of the Bank, stationed every where to get specie in exchange for the post notes and other notes—it is the agents of the Bank sent every where all over the Union, to scout out, hunt up, trail dog, waylay, pursue, run down, and catch every disburysing agent, contractor, etc. of the Government, and work him out of whatever he has got, be it specie, be it Treasury notes, be it Treasury drafts, be it the notes of other banks, no matter what, anything that he has got in exchange for the United States Bank notes or post notes; and that while plotting and meditating a suspension of specie payments! Yet it sorrow over all this draining of specie from every part of the Union to be shipped to Europe!

The article goes on, after showing how much specie had already gone, to act the prophet, and to say that this is only the beginning! Enormous as the amount exported is, we are told it was only the beginning; yet in this it was a false prophet. The exportations have ceased, and ceased the moment this Bank broke! "The last steamers and packets carried out no specie, but abundance of flour; and the last steamer from England brought two millions of dollars to New York, to go to Canada to pay the British troops; being no doubt a part of the very specie which the Bank of the United States has had collected from the remote parts of the United States in exchange from her paper, which is paid to our soldiers, while our specie is sent to the British soldiers!"

The breaking of this Bank is thus proved to be the cause of the cessation of specie exportations. It proves that it was not commerce, but the vast gambling, pillaging, buccaneering, family enriching, bank breaking operations of the great Regulator, which caused that exportation. The instant the Regulator is broken, and no longer able to do mischief, the exportation of specie ceases, the export of produce commences, and commerce resumes her natural course.

STEAM SHIPS.

The Atlantic, steam ship, is now building at Liverpool for the Transatlantic Steam Company, and is intended as a companion to the Liverpool. Her tonnage will exceed that of the Liverpool by nearly 500 tons.

The President is now building at Limehouse, for the American Steam Navigation Company, and is nearly finished. She is a larger vessel than the British Queen—her dimensions being as follows: Extreme length from stem to taffrail, (including the figure-head,) 267 feet; extreme breadth of her deck 41 feet; including paddle-boxes, 67 feet; depth in the hold, 31 feet 6 inches; and her tonnage about 2400 tons. Her engines will consist of two, each of 250 horse power. Her upper or main deck is constructed in a different manner, from that of the British Queen, being similar to a double-banked frigate; and not "flushed," as it is nautically termed. Her paddle-wheels are to be ninety feet in circumference.—*Boston Mercantile.*

SMALL POX.—This scourge is said to be very prevalent in Boston. The Boston Commercial Gazette, says, since the discontinuance of the Hospital at Rainsford's Islands, as a receptacle for persons afflicted with the Small Pox, it is well known that this loathsome disease has been more or less prevalent in this city. Of late, it has increased to an alarming extent. Many cases now exist in the heart of the city.

"A little more strength in your tea, and not quite so much in your butter," as the lady-boarder said to her landlady.

MISS MRS. TAYLOR.—The Massachusetts Supreme Court closed a session at Salem on Saturday last. During its session an action of slander was tried, in which Miss Melville Batchelder was plaintiff and Jefferson Adams was defendant. The slander was a want of chastity in the plaintiff, but the defendant offered no evidence, either of the truth of the words, or against the reputation of the plaintiff, and the Jury gave her seventeen hundred dollars damages! Both parties belong to Salem.—*Eastern Argus.*

FOREIGN NEWS.

FROM EUROPE.

ARRIVAL OF THE BRITISH QUEEN.

The British Queen arrived at New York, at half past 8, on Saturday Evening. She left Portsmouth, Nov. 4th, brings London dates to Nov 3d, Liverpool to the 1st.

The Liverpool had not arrived out, when the Queen sailed. No news of the U. S. Bank suspension had been received.

London, Nov. 1.—Evening. Though money has been comparatively easy during the whole of this week, there were some indications in the latter part of the day of a renewal of the pressure. No cause for this transpired even in the shape of rumor, but the increased caution in the monetary circles was too obvious to be mistaken.

London, Nov. 2.—Silver continues to be exported in great quantities to purchase on the Continent bills on England, and to prevent the exportation of gold, but the exchanges, nevertheless, have a rather downward tendency, and the foreign coin offering in our markets is bought so freely for storing on speculation, that it is to be feared a further importation will be promoted, all-sufficient and bountiful as the late harvest has unquestionably been.

The Bankers' Circular of Friday says—"Let what may happen, the Bank of England will, if she can, secure herself, by continuing to administer her affairs upon the present system; she will neither have a Bank restriction nor issue small notes; but if driven to it, she will see bankers, brokers, merchants, fail, rather than risk her own position."

United States and Prussia. The Frankfort Journal states, that "Mr. Wheaton, agent of the United States of America at the congress of the German Customs Union, has been more successful in his mission than Dr. Browning, having succeeded in obtaining a considerable reduction in the import duties on one of the principal productions of his country (cotton, we suppose).—Among the motives of the Prussian Government for granting the favor to the United States was the large exchange of products which has of late taken place between Prussia and North America which latter takes a great quantity of wool, glass, &c., from the Prussian states."

RUSSIA AND CIRCASSIA.

The war in Circassia appears to be going on gloriously for the cause of freedom, the Russians having been defeated in an action with the loss of 12,000 men.

TURKEY AND EGYPT.

The Augsburg Gazette of the 26th ult. announces from Alexandria, under date of the 7th ult. that Ibrahim Pasha was executed at Aleppo, and it was said that the Egyptian corps in possession of Orfa and Bir had recrossed the Euphrates. Mehemet was determined on not surrendering the pashalik of Marasch, and Ibrahim had left a strong garrison in the place. The whole country around Hebron and adjoining Mount Leggi was in open revolt against the Egyptians.

LATEST NEWS FROM CHINA.

From the Singapore Free Press, July 25. We have had the perusal of further private advices from Macao to the 27th of June, from which we learn that two edicts had been issued by the Canton authorities, the one prohibiting all native vessels from trading with the foreign ships outside, in any description of goods, under penalty of death, and any foreign trade, except Portuguese, to be carried on at Macao; the other ordering all foreign ships to enter the port within five days, or to take their departure altogether, and threatening them with extermination by fire-ships should they fail to comply! The chief superintendent had taken up the Cambridge, Capt. Douglas, to act as a guard-ship for the protection of British property; she is said to be chartered at £8,000 for four months. A private letter says, that in the event of the commissioner taking hostile measures with regard to Macao, British residents there will find it necessary to seek shelter on board ship, as the Portuguese do not possess the power to protect them. There were about 60 sail of shipping detained outside already, independent of the numbers that had still to arrive.

Accounts from Canton to the 24th June had reached Macao, that the Commissioner had directed the American ships that had gone to Whampoa to be secured, which it appears from other and somewhat earlier accounts, the hong merchants had refused to, on the ground of their having British property on board.

There was only one British merchant at Canton at the date of the last accounts received at Macao from that quarter. The destruction of the surrendered opium is said to be going on at the rate of 3000 chests a day; foreigners had been invited to witness the process.

Captain Elliot had published a declaration, dated Macao, 21st of June, the effect of which it was expected would be, to cause the commissioner to put a stop to all foreign trade whatever for the time.

A singular speculation has taken its rise at Calcutta out of the opium affair. A sort of stock has made its appearance in the money market there called "Opium Scrip," in which business appears to have been freely transacted. This "scrip" is founded upon the receipts given by Mr. Superintendent Elliot to the consignees of the opium given up by his orders to the Chinese authorities, and represents the value of the several parcels for which delivered, and for the amount of which they have the guarantee of indemnity by Government, so far as the superintendent might be authorized to pledge it.

The St. John and Boston Steamboat North America. Capt. Howes, arrived at Boston on Thursday morning, on her first trip from St. John, N. B. having accomplished the passage in thirty-nine hours. It was an experimental trip, to try her strength, machinery and speed. She has proved, says the Boston Transcript, so far as this experiment is a test, a first rate boat; substantial and comfortable, and exhibiting a speed, which was not anticipated. She brought a few passengers. Her regular trips will not commence until next spring—in April or May.

TAKING IT COOLY.—The Daily Courier of yesterday, has the following remarks on the Mississippi Election:

"The following returns from the recent election in Mississippi, show that the whigs are not wholly annihilated—we perceive that there is one left in Jackson county. Judging from the specimen of the ballot before us, the whig party would seem to be essentially used up in that State."

The Springfield, Miss. Journal makes mention of a Mrs. Burrit, who had two children at the age of sixty.—*Courier.*

We know of several old ladies of seventy, who had half a dozen children at "sixty."—*Argus.*

The State debts of Pennsylvania is \$32,000,000; greater than that of any other State in the Union. Louisiana is the next, and New York follows.

A young lady, engaged as "help," in a family up town, is so extremely modest that she dressed the legs of a chicken in pantalettes, and put a chemise over the breast, before sending it to the table.

A bank with a capital of millions refusing to pay a poor washerwoman its own note of \$5.—The U. S. Bank! What an idea!—*Locke's New Era.*

The Young Men's County Lyceum.

The Young Men's Oxford County Lyceum will be held, according to adjournment, at Paris Hill, on Tuesday, the 10th inst, at 6 o'clock, P. M., at the Court House.

Disquisition by J. J. Perry. Question for Discussion:—Are Doctors more beneficial to the community than Lawyers? Disputants—Dr. S. F. Archer and J. W. Hobbs, At—Chas. Andrews, Esq. and J. R. Daniels, Esq., Neg.

NOTICE.

We are requested to give notice that Rev. Oliver H. Quimby will preach at the Court House on Sunday, the 8th inst.

At a Court of Probate held at Paris within and for the County of Oxford, on the twenty-sixth day of November, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and thirty-nine, on the petition of MANESSEH LAWRENCE, Administrator of the estate of James Knox, late of Paris, in said county, deceased, representing that the personal estate of said deceased is not sufficient to pay the just debts, which he owed at the time of his death, by the sum of one hundred and twenty-five dollars, and praying for a license to sell and convey the whole of the real estate of said deceased, as a partial sale thereof would injure the residue, for the payment of said debts and incidental charges:

Ordered, That the petitioner give notice thereof to the heirs of said deceased, and to all persons interested in said estate, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris, in said county, on the twenty-first day of January next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted.

LYMAN RAWSON, Judge.

3w16 Copy, Attest—Levi Stowell, Register.

At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the twenty-seventh day of November, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and thirty-nine, on the petition of BENJAMIN WEBSTER, Administrator of the estate of John Webster, late of Sweden, in said county, deceased, having presented his first account of administration of the estate of said deceased, and also his own private claim against said estate:

Ordered, That the said Administrator give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Waterbury, in said county, on the twelfth day of January next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the claim should not be allowed.

LYMAN RAWSON, Judge.

3w16 Copy, Attest—Levi Stowell, Register.

At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the twenty-sixth day of November, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and thirty-nine, on the petition of WEALTHY PARSONS, former Guardian of Mary Ann Dudley, James B. Dudley, Ruth Dudley, and Moses Dudley, minor children and heirs of Moses Dudley, late of Paris in said County, deceased, having presented his first account of guardianship of said minor,

Ordered, That the said Guardian give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris, in said county, on the seventh day of January next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the claim should not be allowed.

LYMAN RAWSON, Judge.

3w16 Copy, Attest—Levi Stowell, Register.

At a Court of Probate held at Paris within and for the County of Oxford, on the twenty-sixth day of November, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and thirty-nine, on the petition of AMERICA BISHOP, surviving partner of Simeon Ryerson, late of Paris, in said county, deceased, having presented his first account of administration of the estate of said deceased,

Ordered, That the said Bishop give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris, in said county, on the seventh day of January next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause if any they have, why the claim should not be allowed.

LYMAN RAWSON, Judge.

3w16 Copy, Attest—Levi Stowell, Register.

THE subscriber hereby gives public notice to all concerned that she has been duly appointed and taken upon herself the trust of Administrator on the estate of

EDMUND FROST,

late of Norway, in the County of Oxford, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs.—She therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the said deceased's estate to make immediate payments; and those who have any demands thereon, to exhibit the same to her.

Norway, Nov. 26, 1839. 3w16

At a Court of Probate held at Paris within and for the County of Oxford, on the twenty-sixth day of November, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and thirty-nine—

MANESSEH LAWRENCE, Administrator of the estate of James Knox, late of Paris, in said county, deceased, having presented his first account of administration of the estate of said deceased,

Ordered, That the said Administrator give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris, in said county, on the seventh day of January next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause if any they have, why the claim should not be allowed.

LYMAN RAWSON, Judge.

3w16 Copy, Attest—Levi Stowell, Register.

The subscriber hereby gives public notice to all concerned, that she has been duly appointed and taken upon herself the trust of Administrator on the estate of

DANA KIDDER,

late of Dixfield, in the County of Oxford, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs.—He therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the said deceased's estate, to make immediate payment; and those who have any demands thereon, to exhibit the same to her.

Dixfield, Nov. 26, 1839. 3w16

To the Honorable County Commissioners of the County of Oxford,

I, the undersigned Selectmen of the town of Turner, in pursuance of a vote of said town, passed at a meeting held September 16th, 1839, respectfully represent, that in May, 1836, a County Road was located from Turner Centre Bridge, to intersect the County Road near Clark's Mill in said town; that the location of said road, have changed, which will be made more fully to appear at a hearing of the parties. Wherefore, your petitioners pray, that, after due proceedings had in the premises, you would view said road, and discontinue so much of the same as lies between Clark's Mill and the river road (so called) near James G. Gilbert's, all in said town of Turner.

JOHN PRINCE,

SETH COPELAND,

ELISHA GILMAN.

Turner, Oct. 24, 1839.

STATE OF MAINE.

Oxford, ss: At a meeting of the County Commissioners begun and holden at Paris within and for the County of Oxford on the last Tuesday of October, A. D. 1839.

On the foregoing Petition, Ordered, that the petitioners give notice to all persons and corporations interested that the County Commissioners will meet at the dwelling house of John Sawell in Turner aforesaid, on Monday, the twenty-seventh day of April next, at nine o'clock, A. M., when they will proceed to view the dwelling house of John Sawell, and immediately after such view, at some convenient place in the vicinity, will give a hearing to the parties and their witnesses, by causing attested copies of said Petition and of this Order of Notice thereon, to be served on the Clerk of said County of Oxford, and on the County Attorney of said county of Oxford, and by posting by like copies in three public places in said town of Turner, and by publishing the same three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at Paris, the first of said publications and each of the other notices to be made, served, and posted, at least thirty days before the said time of meeting; that all persons interested may then and there appear, and shew cause, if any they have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted.

Attest: J. G. COLE, Clerk.

A true copy of said Petition and Order thereon.

3w16 Attest: J. G. COLE, Clerk.

To the Honorable Board of Road Commissioners for the County of Oxford, to be held at Paris within the County of Oxford, on the last Tuesday of October, A. D. 1839.

I, the undersigned would represent that the public accommodation requires that there be an alteration in the easterly county road leading from Waterford to Bethel; said alteration to commence about forty rods east of John Hunt's, in Albany, thence leading easterly through the valley and coming into the road about a mile from where it is left, which will be at the foot of the Leonard Cummings hill (so called).—Wherefore, your petitioners pray your Honors after due notice in the premises to view said route and locate said new piece of road, or so much of it as your Honors should deem advisable, and as in duty bound will ever pray.

TIMOTHY HUTCHINSON & 79 others.

STATE OF MAINE.

Oxford, ss: At a meeting of the County Commissioners begun and holden at Paris within and for said county of Oxford, on the last Tuesday of October, A. D., 1839.

On the foregoing petition, Ordered, that the petitioners give notice to all persons and corporations interested, that the County Commissioners will meet at the dwelling house of John Hunt in said Albany, on Tuesday, the twelfth day of May next, at nine o'clock, A. M., when they will proceed to view the route set forth in the petition; and immediately after such view, at some convenient place in the vicinity, will give a hearing to the parties and their witnesses, by causing attested copies of said Petition and of this Order of Notice thereon, to be served on the Clerk of said town of Albany, and on the County Attorney of said county of Oxford, and by posting by like copies in three public places in said town of Albany, and by publishing the same three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at Paris, the first of said publications and each of the other notices to be made, served, and posted, at least thirty days before the said time of meeting, that all persons interested, may then and there appear, and shew cause, if any they have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted.

Attest: J. G. COLE, Clerk.

A true copy of said Petition and Order thereon.

3w16 Attest: J. G. COLE, Clerk.

Notice to Foreclose a Mortgage.

WHEREAS the undersigned holds a Mortgage Deed executed to Jefferson Coolidge by one Henry Goding then of Jay in the County of Oxford and State of Maine, dated the fifteenth day of August in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and thirty-one, of a part of two lots of land situated in the town of Livermore on the West side of the Androscoggin River and numbered one hundred and fifty and one hundred and fifty-one, according to the original plan of said town, to secure the payment of two notes of hand amounting in the whole to the sum of one hundred, twenty dollars and fifty cents, which notes of hand together with the promises are particularly described in said Mortgage deed, which is recorded in the Registry of Deeds for Oxford County Book 36, page 302. The said Mortgage deed and said notes have been duly assigned to the subscriber and the assignment has been duly recorded in said Registry Book 55, page 518, and may be referred to. Said notes of hand being wholly unpaid and the condition of said Mortgage Deed broken, the undersigned, assignee aforesaid, claims to have possession of the mortgaged premises to foreclose the same for breach of the condition of said Mortgage.

GRANVILLE CHILD.

Livermore, November 18, 1839. 3w15

WINTER GOODS.

BROADCLOTHS, Cassimeres, Minceons, &c. &c. can now be had of the subscriber (for ready pay only) very cheap. Call and see.

Norway, Nov. 18, 1839. W. E. GOODNOW.

ISAAC RANDALL,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

DIXFIELD, ME.

BLANKS

For sale at this Office.

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